

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

A Memoir of Charles Louis Sand; including a Narrative of the Circumstances attending the Death of Augustus Von Kotzebue: also, a Defence of the German Universities. With an Introduction and Explanatory Notes by the Editor. 8vo. pp. 132. London, 1819.

It appears to be a very common error of the present age, to attach more importance to events than they deserve; and we think the assassination of M. Kotzebue an instance of this. All parties have dwelt on it as a matter of mighty import, and one that was almost forming a new era in continental politics. The advocates of the German governments, who are the enemies to all reform, and to every amelioration of the people, have endeavoured to identify Sand and assassination with all reformers; while, on the contrary, those who are seeking a representative government, and an emancipation from the despotism of the arbitrary monarchs under whom they live, wish to hold out the death of Kotzebue *in terrorem*, and gain by threats what they have failed to do by petitions and remonstrances. To this latter class the editor of the work before us belongs; and though he condemns assassination in direct terms, yet he almost seems to vindicate it by his frequent reference to the light in which it was considered by the ancients, and the palliatives he offers in defence of the conduct of Sand. He is, indeed, quite an alarmist, and thinks it his bounden duty to assert, publicly, that he anticipates, from the present state of popular feeling in Germany, still more awful catastrophes than the fall of a miserable pensioned penman.

In the introduction, the editor enters into a long dissertation on the present state of public opinion in Germany, where, as the discontent cannot evaporate in public meetings or assemblies, it is engendered and maintained in secret associations, and those principally the students of the universities, who are in number from ten to fifteen thousand:—

‘From all that has transpired relative to German affairs during the last four years, it is scarcely necessary to add, that ever since the treaty of Paris, concluded in 1815, up to the present moment, there has been one incessant cry for a representative system. The modern wishes, like the ancient manners “of this nation, require that “the princes shall act, but the people deliberate.” *Ita tamen ut ea quoque quorum penes plebem arbitrium est, apud principes per tractentur.* While some of the minor sovereigns have been prevailed upon to gratify the united desires of their subjects, the cabinet of Berlin has merely held out vague and indefinite promises, whereas that of Vienna is obstinately deaf to every appeal on the subject; nay, it is most sedulously occupied in checking the progress of knowledge and liberty at home, while it unceasingly continues to impoverish the devoted provinces of Italy abroad.’

Vol. I.

The associations, which are said to be composed of the most respectable and enlightened part of the nation, are warmly seconded by an able and independent press, a most powerful engine in every country, but of which governments alone seem insensible. Among those writers of talent in Germany who did not join in the general cry, was Kotzebue, who is said to have been employed, nay, paid to vilify and calumniate, not only the students, but their professors, and who took a very active part in supporting political principles adverse to that spirit of independence which burst forth in Germany, after its deliverance from foreign aggression, in 1814.

The young student of theology, Charles Louis Sand, who has obtained a bad celebrity by a dreadful crime, was born of highly respectable parents, at Weinsedel, in the margravate of Baireuth. The modesty of his demeanour, and the mildness of his disposition, created for him, in his earliest years, universal affection. His person was engaging, his manners agreeable, and the uniform propriety of his conduct in the highest degree exemplary. His eager thirst for knowledge, and his attachment to the study of divinity, gave to his friends the most sanguine expectations of his becoming ‘a faithful minister of the gospel,’ and a distinguished ornament of the national church. As he arrived at the age of reflection, his mind dwelt on achieving the redemption and securing the liberties of Germany. In 1815, he followed the standard of Austria, in common with many thousands of young patriots, to resist the dangers which Bonaparte’s return from Elba seemed to threaten, and, when the battle of Waterloo had decided the struggle, young Sand returned to his studies at the universities of Erlangen, Tubingen, and Jena. It was at the latter place that the manners of Sand were observed to have assumed a sombre and deeply meditative cast, and it was noticed, ‘that the agitation of his mind always increased whenever he met with any of those anti-national doctrines so vehemently advocated by Kotzebue, in his weekly journal, then publishing at Weimar.’ Kotzebue, at this time, opposed the discipline of the universities, and their interference in politics, and was said to be in the receipt of a yearly stipend of fifteen thousand roubles from the Emperor of Russia, for communicating to him reports on the state of literature and public opinion in Germany. M. Kotzebue had commenced a weekly Literary Journal, and was openly accused of carrying on a marked hostility to freedom of discussion by the press, liberal ideas in politics, and especially to the wishes of the people, so often and so unequivocally expressed, for the adoption of a representative system.

Kotzebue’s conduct engendered a host of enemies on every side; he was attacked by nearly all the newspapers in Germany; and he particularly irritated the German students by his strictures on the tumult at Gottingen,

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when the military were called in to suppress the riot that took place, and the students were subsequently expelled the university, an act which Kotzebue did not hesitate to defend.

Sand was at this time at Jena, a participator in the literary feuds to which the comments of Kotzebue had given rise, when at length he determined on sacrificing the object of his hate, and openly observed, it became a duty and even a virtue to punish him:—

‘ Having concluded his course of study, he left Jena early on the 9th of March of the present year, it is supposed on foot, and very scantily supplied with money, without taking leave of any one, or communicating his intentions. He merely assumed the old German costume, and reached Mannheim on the morning of the 23d, having remained one day at the Swan Inn, Frankfort, and passed several more with a friend in the same city. Taking up his abode at an hotel called the Vineyard, in Mannheim, he announced himself as a student from Erlangen, adding that his name was Henricks. Soon after his arrival, Sand inquired where M. Von Kotzebue lived, and also asked for a preacher named Karbach, who, he said, knew his family. Unalterable in the resolution he had formed, and doubtless satisfied that he was about to perform a meritorious and holy act of duty, Sand presented himself at Kotzebue’s door twice on the morning of his arrival, stating that he had letters to deliver from Weimar, where the mother of Kotzebue still lives, though at the advanced age of eighty-two. As the counsellor was in the habit of devoting his mornings to literary pursuits, and going out at twelve o’clock, the stranger could not gain admission. Being told to return in the evening, the usual time of receiving visitors, Sand withdrew to the inn, and dined very heartily at the public table: here he met with a village curate, with whom he passed above two hours in the most cheerful and animated conversation. Taking leave of his companion a little before five o’clock, he proceeded towards the scene of action, and although he joined several ladies, who were also going to visit Madame Kotzebue, it did not disconcert him in the least, or tend in any manner to alter his design. Having rung the bell, the door was immediately opened, upon which Sand, bowing, suffered the ladies to enter before him, and they were accordingly shewn into the drawing-room. Remaining in the hall till his name was announced, the servant soon returned, and led the stranger into an adjoining apartment, where, he said, the counsellor would come in a few moments. When the company arrived, M. Kotzebue was seated with his family, and, after the usual compliments had been exchanged, it is confidently reported, that, while holding his youngest son, then scarcely two months old, up in his arms, he observed, in a tone of great emotion, and turning to the ladies, “ I was exactly the age of this child when my father died ! ”

‘ It is supposed that Sand employed the short interval of being left alone, in preparing to strike the meditated blow, for scarcely had the unsuspecting victim entered the apartment, when the infuriated antagonist, with irresistible dexterity, plunged a long poignard into his body: the blow was directed with such force, that the weapon penetrated the fourth rib on the left side, inflicting a mortal wound on the heart. The unfortunate sufferer most probably attempted to disarm his assailant, and, after a momentary struggle, in which the agonies of death must have given additional strength to the dying man, both fell to the ground: here Sand was soon enabled to recover the use of his arms, and, to prevent the possibility of failure in his sanguinary purpose, three more wounds were inflicted by the minister of vengeance; one of these, perforating the breast, entered the lungs.

‘ Upon hearing the fall, followed by the groans of M. Kotzebue, a servant hurried to the fatal spot, and found his master extended on the floor, weltering in his blood; while the wretched perpetrator knelt by with the dagger in his hand, coolly contemplating the prostrate victim! The cries of the ser-

vant having at length alarmed the ladies, they rushed into the room, and, with frantic screams, beheld the horrid spectacle! The counsellor had by this time lost much blood, and was breathing his last; Sand continuing to grasp the reeking weapon, and unmoved by what was passing around, steadfastly gazed on the bleeding corse. Some of the affrighted party now called from the windows for help and a surgeon, while Emily, the eldest daughter of M. Kotzebue, aided by his valet de chambre, succeeded in moving the dead body of her father to another apartment.

‘ Whilst the family and visitors manifested such consternation and woe, the perpetrator seemed alone calm and collected, quietly to await his doom; but ere the wished-for succour arrived, he rose and descended the staircase, exclaiming, in a loud voice, “ the traitor has fallen ! ” On his reaching the outer door, the street was already thronged with a large concourse of people; rushing violently through the crowd, he threw a hasty and indignant glance back at the windows, where several voices still cried murder. Then raising the poignard in one hand, while a written paper was observed in the other, he vociferated, “ I am the murderer! but it is thus that all traitors should die.” Even at this awful moment, so impressive were his gestures and language, that no one present attempted either to seize or disarm him. Immediately after this terrific exclamation, the enthusiast knelt down with an air of great calmness and solemnity, first looking towards the house in which the bloody deed had just been perpetrated, he clasped his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, said, “ I thank thee, O God! for having permitted me, successfully, to fulfil this act of justice ! ” From such expressions as these, and the following sentence inscribed on the paper which he held up, “ death-blow for Augustus Von Kotzebue, in the name of virtue ! ” the suspicion of his derangement was fully confirmed; a circumstance that did not fail to excite public astonishment, at his being so quietly suffered to retain the dagger, for no sooner had the last invocation terminated, than tearing open the clothes that covered his breast, he repeatedly plunged the weapon into his own bosom, causing several deep wounds: he immediately fell to the ground, and remained until the magistracy, who were by this time apprized of the tragical event, gave directions for his removal to the public hospital, where his wounds were carefully bound up.

An official intimation of the circumstances was sent to Carlsruhe, and his papers at Jena seized, but nothing was found among them calculated to throw any light on the subject, except the commencement of a letter, which stated, ‘ I go to meet my fate—the scaffold.’ The interest which Sand immediately inspired, induced hundreds to flock to see him, and he was interrogated twice each day as long as his strength and articulation permitted. Sand acknowledged that he had resolved on the death of Kotzebue for more than six months, but he added, that it cost him many a bitter pang and painful struggle with his conscience, before he finally determined to become the executioner. In his ravings he would add, ‘ but Kotzebue must have died, the general interests of Germany demanded it, for his manifold offences against the country and the people.’ Several memorandums furnish proofs of his unsettled mind: and a green striped ribband was found on his breast after Kotzebue’s death, upon which he had written, ‘ with this I devote myself to death ! 1815. Am I not serious? Should I have crossed the Rhine again on my return, except as victor?’

As throwing some additional light on the causes that gave rise to the catastrophe, we shall insert the celebrated letter in which Sand took leave of his family and friends, but which did not reach them until he had committed the dreadful crime:—

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"To my beloved Family and dearly cherished Friends.— Why should I augment your sufferings yet? Thus have I thought and wavered about addressing you; but, though a sudden account of my meditated act might soften the acuteness of your grief, and render its duration shorter, still affection would be lacerated, whereas the severest anguish can be most easily obliterated by emptying the chalice of bitterness at once, and submitting with entire resignation to the will of our Father who is in heaven! Away, therefore! Burst from this closed and anxious heart, thou source of torment! The last utterance can alone sweeten the pang of separation! To you, my beloved friends, this paper conveys the final adieu of a son and a brother! I have long panted and wished for action: but the period has at length arrived, when I must no longer dream, for the distresses of my country press for deeds.—

*"It is doubtless a great calamity in this life, when God's will remains unaccomplished by our inertness.—*Surely, our greatest reproach is, that all those principles of honour and justice which thousands sacrificed themselves to establish, are suffered to sleep like the shapeless phantom of an idle dream! If the stream of reformation be frozen, ere it has run half its course, our grand-children will have to lament the slothfulness of their fathers! The regeneration of German life has commenced within the last twenty years, particularly in the sacred one of 1813, blessed by the inspired courage of God! Our fathers' mansion has been shaken to the very foundation. Forward! Let us hasten to rebuild it with renovated beauty. Let us erect a temple worthy of the Divinity, and such as our hearts dictate! A few oppose themselves, like a dyke, to the highest human excellence of our nation! Why do multitudes bow under the galling yoke of such wretches? Many ruthless seducers drive on their game unsuspectingly, to the ruin of our people! Amongst them, is Kotzebue; the most subtle and base of all,—the very proverb of all that is bad in our time: yet his voice is so attuned, that it blinds the senses; turning aside hatred from the most atrocious actions, finally it rocks us to sleep in the old and fatal slumber. He daily commits treason against the land of his fathers, and stands securely protected by his arts of deceit and flattery: wrapt in the gaudy mantle of his poetical fame, his cowardice is not the less apparent, but it dazzles the public eye, and we swallow the poison which his semi-Russian periodical journal offers. Will not the most dreadful misfortunes overwhelm us? And can such communications lead either to freedom or happiness? Nay, can they avail us as connected with France?—If the history of our time is not to teem with disgrace, he must fall!—I again repeat, that if any good is to be obtained, we must not fear trouble and strife: while the real emancipation and liberty of the great German nation can only ripen, when brave burghers risk and endeavour; when the son of the land embraces and loves death, in the contest for all that he values on earth!—Who, then, shall advance to crush this miserable varlet, this wretched traitor?

"I have waited the proper time, in tears and sorrowful anxiety, for the appearance of one who excels me, and will absolve me from the task. I am not formed to commit murder—who will release me from my agony, and suffer me to pursue the peaceful career I had chosen? None shew themselves, in spite of all my prayers; and every one has as much right as myself to wait for another! Delay renders our situation more dangerous and contemptible. Who shall save us from disgrace, if Kotzebue removes from German ground unpunished, to enjoy his ill acquired treasures, in Russia? Who shall help and deliver us from this unhappy situation, if no one steps forward?—I hear a call to execute justice, and perform the deed that must be achieved for revered Germany! Advance, therefore, courageously! Yes! I will go forth with godly confidence to administer justice, (do not start!) to overturn him, the scandalizer and seducer of our nation! the*

barbarous traitor! That he may be stopped from turning us from God and truth, or from delivering us to our deadliest enemies! To this my earnest duty drives me. Since I have known how much is to be done for our people, and since I well know the false subtle knave, this has become my fate, like those patriots of old who only considered the general good!

"Oh! that I may, by this national revenge, apprize our rulers and public functionaries, how falsehood and tyranny injure their cause, and turn the attention of all the vigorous German youth to saving our native country. May I spread terror amongst the evil-minded, and inspire the deserving with courage!

"Writings and speeches are insufficient—actions such as these can alone avail. If I can but cast one firebrand to awaken the minds of the people, and raise one flame for the glorious warfare, which, according to God's will, began in 1813, I shall fulfil my utmost and highest wishes! For this have I relinquished all the delightful dreams of life! But I am contented and full of confidence in God, since my path is marked out, through darkness and death, to repay the debt I owe my country.

"May every true heart prosper! This sudden separation is a trial; and your expectations, as well as my wishes, are overthrown; but may it be a comfort and preparation to us, for we have fulfilled what our country required, and what I imbibed as one of my first and most unalterable principles. You will say of me, 'he has, through our means, learnt to understand human life; and appears really to have loved not only his country but his renown.' Yes! such was indeed the case. Under your fostering care, and owing to your innumerable sacrifices, I was early imbued with the love of life and my country. You made me acquainted with the sciences; I have lived in mental freedom; looked into history, and then turned back to my own reflections; and, through an examination of the understanding, endeavoured to become fully acquainted with myself and my own situation.

"I have studied the sciences in the usual manner, and seen through the laws of human wisdom; I have delivered my opinion on them, and, in preparing for life, learnt the manner and employment of the inhabitants in various parts of Germany. I would have gladly passed my days as a preacher of the gospel, and, in the event of being overtaken by calamities, God would have assisted me to fulfil my duty; but should all this deter me from shielding my country from impending ruin? Should not the inexpressible love I bear towards it, stimulate my zeal for the general interest, and to court death in such a cause?

"How many degenerated Grecians have there not fallen in attempting to free their country from the Turks, and gladly gave up their lives without effecting a favourable result? Many, amongst us, have devoted themselves to the service of their country; and should I not die?—Should we, to whom the deliverance and advantage is so essential, do nothing to effect it?—Am I insensible of your affection, or do I value it lightly?—Believe it not! What else should encourage me to die, if not this very affection which you divide with my native country? Mother! you will say, 'why have I brought up my son to manhood, he whom I loved, and who loved me in return; for whom, I bore a thousand cares and anxieties; who, through my prayers, became good and virtuous, and from whom in the last days of my life's exhausted career, I looked for filial regard: why does he now forsake me?—Inestimable mother! may no other parent make the same lamentation! If our country requires it, and none will perform the deed, what is to become of the land? But far be all such lamentations from thee! Thou art unacquainted with such sentiments. Noble woman! Have I not heard thee deplore the lot of suffering humanity?—and if no other undertook the rescue of Germany, that would urge me to the strife: still there are two brothers and two sisters left to console you: they remain; I follow my destiny!

"If I lived fifty years longer, I could not live more men-

* M. Kotzebue was reported to be on the point of retiring to his estate in Russia, just before his death.

tally or conscientiously than I have in these my last years. Our destination is to learn how to know the true God, to strive against evil. In the world we only find anxiety. Oh! that we may all find peace with him! To his care and protection I commend you. May he raise you up to joy that cannot suffer from earthly disturbance! In all tempests, cling to the land of our fathers! Lead your little ones, to whom I would so gladly have been the friend and guide, to our highest mountains: let them there, upon elevated altars, consecrate themselves to the service of mankind!

"In joyful reliance upon thee, eternal God! I leave my country. May thy blessings flow upon the striving number of the nation who appreciate thy goodness; who, for the advantage of mankind, courageously hold up thy image on earth."

"The last and best preservation consists in the sword: then press the spear to the true heart, for that is the only way to German freedom! Adieu!"

"From your ever united son, affectionate friend, and brother,"

"CHARLES LOUIS SAND."

Written at Jena, in the beginning of March, 1819.

The conduct of the German universities has been so much discussed, that our readers would scarcely thank us for entering into the defence of them by the editor, which is well written and sufficiently severe against the unfortunate Kotzebue, who paid dearly for any real or imputed errors of which he might have been guilty. The whole work is written with a most decided bias in favour of the 'liberals' in Germany, who, if we are to believe the editor, possess every virtue. His attachment to Germany betrays him into some errors, and, before he asserted that assassinations, robberies, and murders were less frequent in the German states than in any part of Europe, he should have read the statement of the casualties in the Russian monarchy, during the year 1817, by M. Von Kampz, at Berlin, extracted from official documents, by which it appears that—

'The number of those who perished by a violent death; was no less than 1925: among whom were, in bathing, 125; on the ice, 24; struck by lightning, 44; frozen to death, 29; suffocated, 25; by hydrophobia, eight; by fire-arms, 60. The number of suicides was seven hundred! There occurred instances of manslaughter, 60; murder, 48; infanticide, 94; persons murdered by their husbands or wives, 12. There were duels, 11; robberies, 9646; burglaries, 1409; highway robberies, 141; arson, 159 instances. The whole number of crimes committed, amounted to 12,292.'

This list gives a complete contradiction to an assertion, either made through wilful misrepresentation or from an ignorance of the subject.

While writing this, we find it stated in a *Belgic Journal*, that Sand is condemned to death, that the Court of Mannheim has applied for the execution of the sentence, but that the grand duke has not yet confirmed it.

The Ocean Cavern: a Tale of the Tonga Isles. In Three Cantos. 8vo. pp. 66. London, 1819.

THE interesting story selected as the ground work of this poem, is narrated in Mariner's Account of the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants of the Tonga Islands, a work replete with curious information, and, as we have the volume before us, we shall preface our notice of the poem, by a brief account of the cavern and the story connected with it.

On the western coast of the Island of Hoonga, there is a curious cavern, the entrance to which is at least a fathom beneath the surface of the sea, at low water; and

was first discovered by a young chief whilst diving after a turtle. The nature of this cavern will be better understood, if we imagine a hollow rock, rising sixty feet or more above the surface of the water; into the cavity of which there is no known entrance but one, and that is on the side of the rock, as low down as six feet under the water, into which it flows, and consequently the base of the cavern may be said to be the sea itself. The interior of the cavern, into which Mr. Mariner, accompanied by the king and his friends entered, appeared to be about forty feet wide, and about forty feet in height; the roof was hung with stalactites, in a very curious way, resembling, upon a cursory view, the gothic arches and ornaments of an old church. The chief, who discovered this cavern, is said to have made a very important use of it, to preserve the life of a beautiful girl to whom he was attached, and who had been reserved for the wife of a chief of considerable rank, by a tyrannical monarch, who had condemned her father and all his family, (this daughter excepted) to be taken out to sea and drowned. After keeping her in this secure retreat for two or three months, and daily supplying her with food, the young chief found an opportunity of conveying her to one of the Fiji Islands, where they remained two years, at the end of which time, hearing of the death of the tyrant of Vavoo, the young chief returned with his wife to the last-mentioned island, and lived long in peace and happiness.

The author of this poem has added considerably to the interest which the story of itself possesses; the poem breathes a fine poetic fancy, the versification is smooth, and though founded on the model of Lord Byron, it is neither a servile imitation, nor destitute of original merit; there is, we think, much beauty in the following description of Hope:—

'There is a spell, whose mystic power
Resistless sways the human breast—
A charm, which, in life's darkest hour,
Can soothe the suffering soul to rest;
There is a spark of heavenly light
No earthly gloom can wholly quell—
A ray so softly, purely bright,
It can the heaviest clouds dispel;
That charm is Hope's;—and her's the ray
That sparkles o'er our dreary way,
And bids us live, when all is gone
That we had fondly leant upon.'

We will not attempt to follow our author through the story, but shall close our notice with two stanzas, descriptive of the interior of this peculiar cavern:—

'But the vividest flash to man avow'd
Breaks from the gloomy thunder-cloud;
And Hope seems never half so fair
As when the follower of Despair!
The cheerful Power resumes her sway,
And the darkness has vanish'd all away—
A thousand rays of dazzling light
Burst at once on Lalangi's sight;
He saw himself in a wondrous pile
Form'd like some vast cathedral aisle;
The roof—the sides—the chrystal lining,
All in one blaze of radiance shining;
Stalactite columns, thin and tall,
Fit for some genie's diamond hall;
Whose lofty dome's resplendent spars
Vie with the lustre of the stars;
Below, the sandy, sparkling floor
Gleams like a vein of golden ore;

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O'er which a silvery current gushes,
Pure as the crystal whence it rushes;
And in circling folds keeps endless flow
Till it joins the ocean wave below;
Where, lost in darkness deep, profound,
Its waters leave the cavern bound.'

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'And Hala join'd th' enraptured pair,
And led them through that vaulted hall,
Into a grotto bright and fair,
Beside that cavern's farther wall:
From the high sparkling roof which crown'd
The grot, two lamps resplendent hung,
And on the coral walls around
Their brilliant lustre constant flung:
And there had Hala's guardian care
Each requisite of life bestow'd;
And all that could be gather'd there
To cheer that lonely dark abode:
Mats from Hamoa's favour'd isle,
Upon the grot's cool floor were spread,
And cocoas, fill'd with sandal oil,
Around a pleasing fragrance shed.
Fresh fruits, of various hue and taste,
Beside were in luxuriance placed;
And every comfort grac'd the board
That Tonga's climate could afford.'

A Classical Tour, &c. By E. Dodwell, Esq.

(Concluded from our last.)

WE have already extended our review of this interesting work to three numbers of the *Literary Chronicle*, and, did not the press of other works prevent it, we might carry our review much further, without exhausting the curious and valuable information it contains.

From the Vale of Tempe, our author proceeded to Pharsalia, celebrated for the struggle for the ascendancy between Julius Cæsar and Pompey, and for the memorable battle which Pelopidas fought near it, against the Pheræan tyrant, Alexander, for the destruction of tyranny:—

'This town, which is at present called Pharsalia by the Greeks and Salalgik by the Turks, is situated at the northern foot of its acropolis. It is a populous and commercial place*. The Turks have here four mosques, and the Greeks a bishop, suffragan of the archbishop of Larissa. There is also a clock-tower, and a keoschk, beautifully situated in a clear pool of water, formed by a copious spring. It bears some resemblance to the Hyperian fountain at Pherai, and is screened by some large platani from the torrid rays of the meridian sun.'

The walls of the ancient acropolis, now in ruins, are fifteen feet and a-half in thickness, sometimes constructed with a single row of blocks, but more generally with a double row united, without any space in the middle.

Water tortoises are common in the marshy parts of Greece and Italy: they differ from the land tortoise in form and colour, and in being much flatter; the upper part of the shell is black, and the lower is yellow; the feet are long and webbed, and speckled with black and bright yellow; the head is longer than that of the land tortoise, and resembles that of the common snake: the eyes are extremely large and beautiful. Land tortoises are common in almost all parts of Greece:—

The land tortoise is lively only in hot weather, when making love or fighting with a rival. On the former occasion,

* It contains about 3500 inhabitants.

the male sings with a curious note, which may be heard at a considerable distance; the female is generally, though not always, silent. It lays three or four eggs, though seldom in the same spot; but, stopping at intervals, deposits them on the ground: having, with her two hind feet, scraped a hole for their reception, she slightly covers them with earth, and leaves them to their fate; they are hatched by the heat of the sun. Their eggs are about the size of pigeons' eggs, but of a less oblong form. The female tortoise is extremely coy; and it is not till the male has knocked her violently with his shell, and bitten her legs, that any favours can be obtained, and the observation of Oppian* is perfectly accurate:—

"He amorous pursues, they conscious fly
Joyless caresses, and resolv'd deny:
Since partial heav'n has thus restrained the bliss,
The males they welcome with a closer kiss;
Bite angry, and reluctant hate declare,
The tortoise courtship is a state of war."

The plain of Marathon has been so often described, by ancient as well as by modern authors, that Mr. Dodwell passed over it very cursorily. The plain is about five miles in length, and two in breadth, and at present composed of pasture land. A large tumulus of earth rises from the middle of the plain, which has been opened, but without success, because it was not excavated to a sufficient depth. Our author found some fragments of coarse pottery, and a great many arrow heads of black flint, which are supposed to have belonged to the Persian army, and of which he has given drawings; but it is very singular that no ancient armour has ever been found in the plain of Marathon, nor scarcely any relics of the many thousands who perished in this memorable field. A proper examination of the tumuli might be productive of objects of interest to the antiquary and the historian, and realize the words of the poet:—

'The time at length shall come, when lab'ring swains,
As with their ploughs they turn these famous plains,
'Gainst hollow helms their heavy drags shall strike,
And clash 'gainst many a sword and rusty pike;
View the vast graves with horror and amaze,
And at huge bones of giant heroes gaze.'

Induced by the description of Pausanias, Mr. Dodwell, like many others of his countrymen, entered the cave of Pan, creeping for some time on his knees, and meeting with nothing but some rocks, marked with the names of some, who, like himself, had been deceived and disappointed.

At Corinth, there is the marble *περιστεριον*, or mouth of an ancient well, on the exterior of which are sculptured ten figures of divinities, seemingly alluding to the reconciliation of Apollo and Hercules.

In a visit to the sacred grove of Esculapius, our author endeavoured to identify the temple; but there are the remains of two temples level with the ground, which is strewn with elegant fragments of the Doric and Ionic orders in marble and in stone. The pavement of one of the temples is entire, and composed of large square slabs of the marble of the country, which is of a light red colour, veined with white. This, from its superior size, is supposed to have been the temple of Esculapius. Of the ancient hospital, Mr. Dodwell thus writes:—

'The splendid hospital of Esculapius was the constant resort of the sick and the feeble from all parts of Greece. Here the efficacy of the medical art was put to the test of

* *Haliuticks*, b. 1. v. 513.

† *Warton's Virgil*.

experiment, and the power of faith in the virtues of the healing god was invoked to accelerate the cure. This useful establishment, in which superstition assisted the purposes of benevolence, was supported more by the sacrifices of gratitude to the god than by the productive powers of the soil. The officiating ministers of the deity, who were at once priests and physicians, were venerated by the Greeks, and revered by distant nations. Other temples, in imitation of this, were afterwards effected in different parts of Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor; but this possessed a higher degree of renown than all the rest, as it was the birth place of Esculapius himself, who had here dispensed his remedies for those numerous maladies which shorten the days or embitter the existence of man.

In the ruins of Olympia, ancient armour is often found, and, as no place abounded with such numerous offerings to the gods, and with such splendid and beautiful representations, if Winkelman's favourite plan of excavating the Olympic plain were carried into effect, there is no doubt but that the finest specimens of sculpture, as well as the most curious and valuable remains, would be brought to light. The helmets found at Olympia, are so light, as to render it doubtful whether they were ever used in war, or only worn in processions; since

'It is evident, that warlike armour was of considerable weight; for Plutarch asserts, that Alkimos, the Epirote, one of the officers of Demetrios, son of Antigonos, wore a complete suit of armour, which weighed two talents, equal to about a hundred and twenty pounds; whereas the armour of the other soldiers seldom exceeded half that weight. Plutarch also says, that Zoilos, of Cyprus, made two cuirasses of iron for Demetrios, weighing each, no more than forty *mine*, which is equal to about as many pounds. The helmets and shields, used by the Greeks in war, were sometimes of leather or wood. They were, however, occasionally composed of brass, and some of the parts were of gold, silver, iron, or tin. I have seen a helmet of iron, of considerable weight, which was found near Athens.'

The temple of Jupiter Olympios is so much demolished, that its miserable remains are almost entirely covered by the soil; and the wall of the cella rises only two feet above the ground.

'This celebrated temple has of late years suffered considerable demolitions. The Lallioties, who inhabit the neighbouring town of Lalla, have even rooted up some of the foundations of this once celebrated sanctuary, in order to use the materials in the construction of their houses. The statue of the god, the finest that the world ever beheld, was sixty feet in height, and was reckoned among the great wonders. Indeed, it seems to have united at once all the beauty of form, and all the splendour of effect that are produced by the highest excellence of the statuary and the painter. It was embellished with various metallic ornaments, aided by the gorgeous and dazzling magnificence of precious stones.'

The neighbourhood of Ithome is much infested by banditti, and our author, from an eminence, witnessed a severe conflict between a united body of Greeks and Turks and a number of thieves, who were besieged in the village of Alitouri; the latter were headed by a Greek, the terror of the Morea, known by the name of Captain George, of whom Sir William Gell, who had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with him, thus writes in a letter to the author:—

“His name is George Kolokotrone; he was at Alitouri when we passed by, and recollected perfectly well seeing us; he said, that had he not been occupied at that moment, he should certainly have taken us, but, being Milordoi, should not have done us any harm. He was delighted to hear how

well I knew all the mountains, glens, and strong holds, and exclaimed to his countrymen, 'this Milordos knows the country as well as if he had been a thief himself; he has passed through my hands.' He then danced a very active dance, like a bacchanal on a vase.'”

Our author was less fortunate, for he and his guides fell in with the banditti, and would, in all probability, have lost their lives, had not a troop of Turkish horse come most opportunely to their assistance, when the thieves were put to flight, and five of them taken prisoners, and sent to Tripolitza, where they were beheaded.

'The first operation of a Turk, when he kills a thief, is to cut off his head, and present it to the voivode of the district, who remunerates the act by a fixed price. The thieves, in order to deprive their enemies of this reward, as well as to save the remains of their friends from insult, cut off the heads of their companions, as soon as they fall in battle, and hurl them down the precipices, or throw them into the neighbouring streams.'

A human head, which had probably undergone a similar fate, was found by our travellers, and which they deposited in a hole made for its reception, at the foot of a venerable oak.

At Sparta, Mr. Dodwell saw some fine slabs of marble, from which the inscriptions had been erased by the Abbe Fourmont, who travelled in Greece, by order of Louis XV, in 1729, and who made an ostentatious avowal, and a proud boast of his deliberate ravages, and his worse than Gothic demolitions. Our author afterwards visited the celebrated monastery of Megaspelia, which is erected upon a steep and narrow ridge, and against the mouth of a large natural cavern. It is a large white building, of a picturesque and irregular form, consisting of eight stories, and twenty-three windows in front. The garden of the convent is in its front, and some cypresses, which grow in it, add greatly to its picturesque effect. The monks were most anxious to show their cellar, which is one of the finest in the world, and is filled with casks of better wine than is usually found in the Morea.

'Megaspelia is the largest monastery in Greece, and owes its foundation or completion to the Greek emperors, John Cantacuzene, and Andronicus, and Constantine Palæologus. It supports about four hundred and fifty monks, most of whom are dispersed about the country, and engaged in superintending the metochia and cultivating the land. Its currant plantations are considerable, and produce 80,000 pounds weight annually. It is a βασιλική μοναστήρια, or royal monastery, and enjoys great privileges. The hegoumenos, or abbot, is elected yearly; but the same individual is frequently re-elected, if his conduct has been approved. When they cease to hold that place, they are denominated προηγούμενοι, and are more respected than the other monks.'

After visiting several other places in the Morea, Mr. Dodwell embarked at Messina for Civita Vecchia; in the course of the voyage, several turtles, small nautili, were caught, and no less than nine pilot-fish were observed to precede the ship for several days. From Civita Vecchia, our author proceeded to Rome, to follow those antiquarian and literary pursuits to which, in the volumes before us, he has discovered himself to be so strongly attached.

In an appendix, Mr. Dodwell has given some interesting documents, particularly examples adopted by modern authors, of writing Greek and Turkish words, which are in almost all the varieties that fancy could suggest; thus Mohammed is written sixteen different ways; sheik, fifteen; Bostitza (the ancient Ægion) seventeen; and Zie-tun, eighteen.

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The musical instruments, at present used in Attica, are the lyre, the lute, the *tamboura*, the *monochord*, some long pipes of a shrill sound, the drum, and the tambour de basque, which is particularly used by the dancing derwishes in their religious ceremonies; its Turkish name is *Daire*.

The Athenian fruit and vegetables are varied and abundant, particularly the figs, for which Greece has always been celebrated. Game is plentiful in Attica, but there are few sportsmen. The Turks are not fond of game, and never eat hares. Geese and ducks are very scarce; pigeons are remarkably fine and plentiful. Turkeys are also very fine, but not common. A turkey at Athens, will cost 100 paras*; a hare, forty; a fine fowl, twenty; bread is ten paras the ocque, (two pounds and three quarters;) cheese, thirteen paras; flour, four and a half; lamb, sixteen; and butter, two piastres.

We have already given a specimen of the common Greek epistolary writing, and we shall now add one of a superior description, in the translation of 'a modern Greek letter of the best style, written by the Archon, John Logotheti, of Libadea, to the author;' it is as follows:—

'Gentlemen,—I address this friendly salutation to your excellence. From Libadea, 22d July.

'I was filled with delight when I received your admirable letter, which acquainted me with your health, that has been providentially preserved, and with your arrival at the renowned Athens, where you experience so much transport in contemplating the antiquities. I shall never forget your excellence; and though you are absent, my mind is with you as if you were present: and I joy in your joys. The friendship between us was not caused by the ties of kindred, or of country, or by what Homer calls *ὁμηλικὴ ἰσότης*, "the vivifying parity of age," so much as by a sympathy in manners and in pursuits, by which friendships are best cemented, and are rendered most permanent. Your natural goodness makes you magnify my services, which were little compared with your deserts; and your high-minded generosity has not only overlooked my defects, but has elevated them into virtues. Any intelligence respecting you will always be most acceptable to me; and your health will always be an object of my prayers. Into whatever regions your travels may lead you, I supplicate heaven that they may be happy and prosperous. The absence of friends, whose worth is so great, is to me truly afflicting; but the distress is alleviated, and the privation lessened, by the recollections which the multiplicity of your learning, and the kindness of your manners, have left behind.

'Thus much for the present. May God bless you with many happy years! Be wise, and, as the toiling bees, collect the most exquisite sweets, and treasure them up for the benefit of your country, that the wreath of glory may hereafter be bound around your brow. Nor ever forget that I am the friend and the servant of your excellency.

'JOHN LOGOTHETI.'

'And I the secretary salute you as my duty requires.'

How far our author has followed the advice of the Archon of Libadea, in collecting those 'most exquisite sweets' which Greece presents to the traveller who can appreciate them, these volumes will decide. Of all the tourists that have explored this classical country, Mr. Dodwell is the most minute in his descriptions. Nothing seems to have escaped him, whether relating to the remains of antiquity, or to the modern state of Greece, its manners, customs, soil, and climate; and he has been enabled to correct many errors of preceding tourists, who have

* Forty paras make a Turkish piastre, which is about one shilling and sevenpence, English; but its value varies according to the exchange.—REV.

been less industrious and less careful in their descriptions.

The numerous engravings with which these volumes abound, of the most interesting objects in Mr. Dodwell's tour, are highly creditable to the draughtsman and the engraver, and contribute to render the work one of the most valuable that has issued from the press for many years.

Latin Prosody made easy, third edition, enlarged and materially improved, with the Poetic Treatise of Terentianus Maurus De Metris. By John Carey, LL.D. 12mo. pp. 444. London, 1819.

WE should be ungrateful, were we not to hail with applause, this new and greatly improved edition of a work, from which we acquired in our youth, the first correct ideas of Latin prosody, and if our subsequent studies have enabled us to penetrate farther into this important and interesting subject, we acknowledge with pleasure, that it was the learned Dr. Carey's Latin Prosody which cleared the way for our researches. His object was to make a school book, in this he has completely succeeded, as his work will fit the learner for the nice and difficult researches which the beauty of the subject may tempt him to make.

There are few subjects less understood than Greek and Latin prosody, for, notwithstanding that our learned author professes to have rendered it easy, we are yet at the very threshold of the science; for, after all that has been written, learned men are still at variance on the true pronunciation of the Greek and Latin alphabets; for in every system hitherto adopted, that euphony is wanting, which is inseparable from the pronunciation of an elegant regular language by a native; whether this desideratum will ever be supplied, is very questionable. A learned member of the French Institute, M. Dureau de la Malle, has succeeded very happily, in a few instances, by the *onomatopée*, but this system applies to so few cases, that it can only be accounted a happy illustration as far as it goes.

There is another method, which has not, (in our opinion) yet been sufficiently attended to. It is to consider from what language a word is originally derived, and what are the organic qualities, or defects of pronunciation of the people by whom it is adopted; pursuing this theory, we shall discover the commutation of letters in a word passing from one language to another, and frequently be able to ascertain, with critical accuracy, the precise pronunciation of the letters. We will cite but one example: *Deus* is evidently derived from *Θεός*. Now suppose the word to be uttered by a person, who could not pronounce the theta, he would evidently pronounce it as *D*, and supposing his ear correct, and his tongue only defective, he would make it *Deos*, but the Latins write it *Deus*, from which we may infer, that in such a combination of letters, the omicron of the Greeks, and the *u* of the Latins, had the same sound; viz. that of the English *u* in the word *sun*, or of the *o* in *son*. We regret, that our limits prevent us from pursuing the subject farther, we recommend it to the notice of our learned grammarians.

In recommending the work before us to the attention of Latin students, we must not omit to notice an excellent article in the original form of the Anapaest; the author modestly expresses his opinion as an hypothesis, but we are happy to confirm it as a truth, not only on the authority of the ancient, but also of the modern Greeks, who wonder that a contrary opinion should ever be entertained by the learned.

The Advantages of Emigration to France, clearly shewn to be infinitely superior to all others. By William Playfair, Esq. 8vo. pp. 16. 1819.

THE subject of emigration, which continues to excite so much interest, has been already freely discussed in this Journal, and the schemes of various projectors brought before our readers. Emigration to France is a new project, and, however congenial it may be to some, who wish to become acquainted with French manners, we think it has already prevailed to an injurious extent, and that some portion of the distress felt in England has been owing to the number of absentees, and the money that has been spent in enriching our neighbours; and yet Mr. Playfair, for whose talents we entertain a high respect, and in whom the *amor patriæ* is as strong as in any writer of the present day, comes forward and recommends emigration to France, not to the thousands of industrious artisans who are now suffering in England, but to the middling classes and those in higher life; and he tells them that 'French society has such charms, that the most phlegmatic Englishmen is obliged to confess its superiority over every other; and, that a difference of religion is no obstacle; the charter tolerates all sects of Christians, and the protestant religion is especially favoured in France.'

The advantages that France presents to the English agriculturist are unquestionable; and our only objection to the scheme is, that it does not relieve that class of society which most needs it; but, on the contrary, will only withdraw from us the best part of society, and that income which it is our interest, in a national point of view, should be spent at home. This, however, is a point for the individuals themselves to decide; and there is no doubt, that France is a much cheaper country than England, and, as such, offers an advantage to persons of slender income.

After very satisfactorily refuting the objections that may be made to emigration to France, on account of its revolution—the confiscation of landed property during that period, and the probable instability of affairs, the author asserts, that France is the only place suited to emigrants of the middling classes and in higher life:—

'To these classes, then, a place must be proposed where their rank in society may be preserved or improved; where they have not to labour for their bread, or herd with savages and hottentots, but, in exchange for the comforts of England, enjoy the elegance of polished society, a delightful climate, a rich and fertile soil, and live luxuriously, at half the expence for which they procured common necessities in England; where, in a word, they may preserve their social relations with their native land, and, in a few hours, retread their native soil, and take possession of whatever fortune may have destined for them. This place is to be found at our own door—it is France. Sterne anathematized the Droit d'Aubaine, which prevented foreigners from enjoying all those advantages; but that odious law has, under the paternal rule of Louis XVIII, ceased to exist, and Englishmen can now buy, sell, bequeath, or receive by will, estates in France, the same as in England. Here Englishmen may find employment for both their capital and their industry, in a fine country, under a free government, and amongst an amiable and highly civilized people.'

'Estates are excessively cheap at this moment in France. The taxes imposed by Napoleon to support his gigantic schemes, fell chiefly on the landed proprietors, who were thus almost reduced to beggary. Two invasions, and the heavy contributions levied on France by the allies, have added to their distress. The law forbidding the family of Napoleon,

and many of their adherents, from residing in France, has brought their immense property into the market, and the purchase money has of course left France. These causes have reduced the value of estates in France, at least one-fourth. This, therefore, is the moment to buy; for, now that France has paid her debts, and has a free revenue more than equal to the increased expenditure of these late years, and the interest of the national debt, there cannot be a doubt of estates rising rapidly in value, as the taxes will diminish and the capital of the country increase, so that, in three years, a purchaser may fairly expect to have augmented his capital 25 to 30 per cent. independent of the large interest he is receiving from it in the interim.

'Lands are cheap in France, on account of want of capital—in England they are dear from its abundance; and the same want of capital, that renders land cheap in France, prevents its being cultivated in the best manner, so that a double advantage will arise.'

'The fact is, that wherever an Englishman may choose to purchase an estate in France, and introduce English methods of cultivation, he will get an immense profit, and nothing is more easy. It is only necessary to take over some English or Scotch labourers, with the proper agricultural implements, and the business is done. The expense will be very inconsiderable, even in the first instance, and the advantage will be immediate.'

'What a field is here for the employment of both capital and industry; land, even at its present imperfect state of cultivation, produces a clear net revenue of five per cent.—with English capital, English genius, and English industry, it would produce more than double; for the soil is so rich, and the climate so genial, that it produces abundant crops, even though nature is thwarted, at every step, by ignorance and prejudice.'

Such are the temptations offered to Englishmen, to embark their property in purchasing estates in France, and, in order that they may find no difficulty in doing it, agents, it would appear, are already appointed in Paris and in London, where information may be obtained relative to estates on sale, &c. It is but justice to the author to add, that he has passed many years in France, before and during the revolution, and since the restoration of the Bourbons—his opinions, therefore, are entitled to attention.

Foreign Literature.

A History of the Republic of Venice.—By Count Daru.

When the French armies conquered and annihilated the republic of Venice, the whole of its archives were sent to Paris. It is from these archives that Count Daru has drawn the materials for a very important work; and he states that no less than *four thousand MSS.* have been consulted for the purpose. The mysterious policy of the 'Council of Ten,' and the still more mysterious system of the State Inquisition, are now, for the first time, brought before the public. No one can doubt the truth of these details, for they are their own historians. The original MS. from which Count Daru has drawn the laws of this tribunal of blood, is dated June 23d, 1454, and is thus headed:—

'We, the State Inquisitors, having to establish our statutes, for us and for our successors, decree all the regulations and orders of the tribunal shall be written by one of us. No secretary shall be employed, excepting for copying mandates, to be executed without initiating him in the secret of the council.'

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The tribunal gives protection to the greatest number of spies, as well amongst the nobility as others, who may be promised rank and honours, exemption from taxes, &c. The following regulations of this tribunal are highly curious and interesting :—

‘Four of these explorers (spies) shall be constantly attached, without its being known to each other, to the hotel of each of the foreign ambassadors residing in this city, to render an account of all that passes, and of those who come and go.

‘If they cannot succeed in penetrating the ambassador’s secrets, orders must be given to some Venetian exile to endeavour to obtain an asylum in his palace; and measures shall be taken so that he shall not be troubled, but, on the contrary, rewarded according to his services.

‘The secretaries of the respective embassies must be gained, if possible, in offering them 100 crowns per month; simply for revealing the communications that a noble Venetian may have with the minister. These overtures must be made by a *monk* or a *Jew*: these fellows sneak in every-where.

‘Whenever the senate nominates an ambassador to a foreign court, the tribunal will send for him, and order him to dive into the secrets of the prince, and find out the reports of his ambassador at Venice: he will make these communications to the tribunal, without mentioning them in his dispatches to government.

‘Independent of this precaution, similar instructions will be given to his secretaries; who are besides directed to acquaint the tribunal, if their master demands or accepts anything for himself or friends.

‘When the tribunal shall have judged the death of any one necessary, the execution shall never be public. He shall be secretly drowned, at night, in the canal Orfano.

‘Every two months the letter-box for Rome shall be brought, and the letters opened, to see what the Papists are doing.

‘The Governors of Cyprus and Candia are authorized, secretly, to take away the life of any person they think dangerous.

‘If a noble Venetian reveals to the tribunal that proposals have been made him from an ambassador, he shall be authorized to carry on the correspondence; and, when the fact is ascertained, the intermediate agent shall be secretly drowned, provided it be neither the ambassador himself nor his secretary of legation, but a person one may feign not to know.

‘If, for any offence whatever, a patrician seeks an asylum in the palace of a foreign minister, care must be taken to kill him there without delay.

‘An exile cannot be recalled, except he reveals some secrets, or procures the arrest, or kills another criminal; but he can only be pardoned entirely, in the case where the person he kills is more important than himself.’

THE principal booksellers of Leipsic are projecting the establishment of an insurance company, for the guarantee of literary property. It is much to be desired that they would also form ‘companies of insurance’ against that deluge of wretched publications, the property of which nobody can envy.

The total number of ecclesiastical schools in the Russian empire, is fifty-eight, of which four are universities, thirty-six seminaries, and eighteen secondary schools. Besides the precepts of religion, the youth are taught the Russian language and arithmetic. More than 26,000 young people are educated, chiefly at the expense of the government. The number of students in the universities is 4000, under fifty professors; in the seminaries, 20,000, with 207 professors; and in the secondary schools, 2000, with eighty masters.

Original Correspondence.

THE FLOWERS OF THE CHURCH YARD, CULLED FROM THE WEEDS OF THE TOMB STONES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

‘Should once the world resolve t’ abolish
All that’s ridiculous and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do,
T’ apply in jest or earnest to;
No business of importance, play,
Or state, to pass its time away.’—BUTLER.

DEAR SIR,—Being ambitious of rescuing from unmerited oblivion, the neglected productions of some of our ablest poets, and feeling it ‘my incumbent duty,’ as a great, (though little known,) literary character, enlisted under the banner of so valourous a champion of the pinion as yourself, to do something for the honour of the well fledged corps to which I belong, I shall venture to bring to your notice the productions of some of our minor bards, who are too modest to affix their names to effusions which should render them immortal in the literary annals of their country—were not their productions, to all appearance, predestined for the grave.

Dear Sir, I must claim your indulgence for the length of my periods—great writers, you must be aware, are always apprehensive lest a period should be put to their prolixity.

To resume the subject on which I was so ably descanting; I was about to inform you, that the poems I allude to as having been ‘predestined for the grave,’ are engraven on the tombstones in Lambeth Church Yard, many of which are overgrown with weeds,—this latter circumstance has induced me to designate the unrivalled specimens I have collected, ‘The Flowers of the Church Yard, culled from the Weeds of the Tombstones.’ This, I think you will acknowledge, is a title calculated to ensure the attention of readers in general; however, be that as it may, I am satisfied with it, and that reflection is sufficient with nine writers out of ten.

I shall be as sparing as possible of your valuable time, but before I charm your senses by placing my ‘Flowers’ before you, I have a request to make—which is, that in giving publicity to these invaluable productions, you will cause them to be copied precisely in the form in which I shall place them, it being essential to their beauty.

A woman may be very handsome, and yet placed in such a position as greatly to obscure her charms.

You may have observed, that authors frequently introduce into their writings some favourite or admired expression, on which, (on account of its originality,) they are in the habit of priding themselves.

The following I give as a specimen of a poet’s ingenuity, in introducing one of these bursts of genius into an epitaph, on *himself*, I presume, as he appears to speak from the grave :—

FLOWER 1.

‘In bloom of years I’m gone *you see*,
And left my friends to mourn for *mee*.’

Whether the monosyllable ‘mee,’ terminating the second line, was so spelled to give more force to the rhyme, or for the purpose of proving that the author was acquainted with the way in which some of our progenitors were in the habit of spelling it, or whether it is a beauty elicited by the stonemason, I shall not presume to determine; it would be arrogance in me to attempt to set at

rest that which may furnish food for the discussion of ages, it is a *spell* I cannot unravel.

FLOWER 2.

'His Parents, Brethren and Kindred all
To Each other in Tears imply'd;
When he resign'd to Natures call
In innocence he lived, in that he died.'

The irregular metre of the above, a style of writing which has within these few years become so very popular, would almost lead one to suppose, that the author before us, who wrote in 1781, was, like Sawney, gifted with second-sight, in foreseeing how very much imitated and admired this style would become.

The antithesis in my next flower must claim the admiration of all lovers of an effective contrast:—

FLOWER 3.

'God takes the good,
too good to stay,
The *Bad* he leaves to mend,
too bad to take away.'

Flower the fourth is a convincing proof of the accommodating spirit of the deceased, who appears unwilling to trouble the passenger to quit the pathway, and, therefore, thus addresses him:—

FLOWER 4.

'Stop passenger and cast an eye
As you are now, so once was i
And as i am so must you be
Therefore prepare to follow me.'

It has been complained of many writers, that they are too minute and laboured in their descriptions, thereby leaving nothing for the imagination of their readers. The following 'bud' is a fine specimen of the opposite style—here the author leaves every thing to the imagination of the reader:—

FLOWER 5.

'She was—but words are wanting to say what,
Think what a Wife should be—and she was that.'

'There is a job of journeywork for you,' ye *thinking* mortals! 'Think what a wife should be.' The author, however, very wisely, would not venture to give his own idea upon the subject, well knowing that there are seldom two men of the same opinion as to the requisite qualifications in a partner for life.

FLOWER 6.

'Mourn not though Nature will be Nature still
To view the last remains of Henry Hill.'

'Henry Hill,'—here is an ingenious rhyme! here we discover the poet and the friend in one; for, doubtless, he was aware, that in walking through a church-yard, many never think of noticing the name of the deceased, but, in the words of the poet, 'cast an eye' immediately towards the epitaph: and being desirous of rescuing his friend from a similar fate, he wisely renders his name essential as a rhyme, and thus obliges every person reading the epitaph, at the same time to notice that it is in memory of 'Henry Hill.'

FLOWER 7.

'Here lies the Clay, which the other day
Inclos'd Catherine Pitts' soul,
But now it's fled and unconfin'd,
It's gone and left the clay behind.'

The author of the above, by placing the name of the deceased in the middle of the line, has rendered it easy for

any less happy genius to pilfer his beautiful epitaph, and thus make it difficult to ascertain which was 'the original shop,' because 'Margery Mumps,' or 'Diggory Dumps,' would read quite as well as 'Catherine Pitts.' This liability to plunder, perhaps, induced the *sculptor*, (if he merits so *degrading* a title,) to be very particular in *tapering* the lines *funnel-fashion*, which will be more immediately seen by the line I have drawn. Indeed the following two or three flowers are indubitable proofs of his correctness, for I cannot but suppose, from the similarity of the beauties, that they all proceeded from one chisel:—

FLOWER 8.

'Weep not for me my mother dear,
I am not gone but *resteth* here.'

FLOWER 9.

'Farewell dearest Husband
Your loss I deplore;
Your Love and your Friendship
Alas' is all o'er.'

FLOWER 10.

'Afflictions sore, long time she bore,
Physicians was in vain.'

Now, as I do not presume to doubt that the mason copied these flowers leaf by leaf, or letter by letter, I cannot refrain from likening him to a Chinese tailor, who, if you give him a coat patched and darned with different colours, as a pattern by which he is to make you a new one, will take special care that the darns and patches on the new shall not differ one jot from those on the old.

FLOWER 11.

'My husband dear pray weep no more
Since I am gone some time *before*.'

This is so fine an appeal to the feelings of the husband, that, in my opinion, it could only be improved by being twanged through the nasal organ of a certain parish clerk, who is apt, from the correctness of his ear, to suffer the words of 'Sternhold and Hopkins' occasionally to invade the symphonies.

FLOWER 12.

'Here Lieth one that was beloved by all
But it pleased the Lord for him to call
Death at his Door did Knock full soon
His morning Sun was set at noon.

The last line of this resembles the signature at the bottom of a law scroll, which is generally written by *another hand*, and is the only thing that gives value to the preceding rigmarole; or, possibly, the author was fond of varying his poetic colouring, and, therefore, said, when writing the last line of the above epitaph, 'I'll make patchwork of you.' What a pity it is that so many moderns imitate his example.

For the better illustration of the preceding remarks, I shall subjoin, as a thirteenth flower, a more modern edition, ('with material alterations and additions,' as the title pages have it,) of that admired and favourite flower, beginning with 'Afflictions sore:—'

FLOWER 13.

'Afflictions sore Long time I bore
And Patience was all in vain
'Till God did please to give me ease
And free me from my pain
And took me from my *parents* dear
Who I Left behind to Weep ———.'

I am inclined to think the last line should end with 'tear;' but the editor of this second edition, thinking one

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tear rather a short allowance for *two* people, perhaps thought it better to leave it as it at present stands, in the form of a beautiful fragment; to have finished it with 'oh dear,' (which is an exclamation people are very apt to make when they weep, and certainly one that I could not suppress on first encountering this sublime effusion,) might have passed, though it would be like rhyming 'parsnips' with 'parsnips,' yet we occasionally meet with couplets not very dissimilar in poets of great estimation.

Dear Sir, having now placed the whole of my collection before you, I shall give a quotation of another description; but whether the following relic may be thought to come near to the style of sublimity which runs through the 'Flowers,' I shall not venture to determine; but, for the better illustration of it, I shall give the form of the board on which it was written:—

Copy of the Signboard of a Country Inn.

John Smith liveth here,
He sellith ale and likewise beer;

I made this board a little wider
To let you know I sell some cider.

Among the moderns, the only epitaph of brilliancy, at all equal to the foregoing, you will find in a tragedy, but seldom acted, entitled, 'Bombastes Furioso.' As the work is scarce, I shall transcribe the passage:—

'Fate cropt him short—for be it understood,
He would have liv'd much longer—if he could.'

Having thus clearly established, (in my own opinion,) the high poetical character of the inhabitants of Lambeth parish, I shall esteem myself fortunate if, by the insertion of this letter, you prove that you 'go along with me' in the opinion I have formed. I am, dear Sir, your's truly,

Queen Street, Cheapside.

Y. F.

PETER'S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Your criticisms on Peter Morris's letters to his kinsfolk are just, but you should have seen Edinburgh to judge how much he has exaggerated every thing.—The houses, for example, are not 12 or 14 stories high—I was bred in the town and was often told there were five houses that height, but I never could count more than twelve stories, and that only on the back front of the houses, being on a steep hill, which is very different from the simple unexplained statement.

As to claret, it seems there like porter in London, by his account.—I have been at some of the richest men's tables there when claret was cheaper by one half than it is now, but did not see it in such abundance.—In London, it is only given on high days and holidays, but wherever Peter went there was claret. Wealth and luxury, it appears, have crossed the Tweed; I wonder if they crossed at Berwick brig or the brig at Kelso, or crossed at a ford higher up the stream?—When Peter says the students at Oxford live at the rate, in general, of £300 a year, he surely forgot that many good men are educated there who never get a living of even £100.

The Duchess of Oldenburgh set the example of seeing every thing in a hurry, and it has become quite the fashion; but it is a very bad one, as it leads to errors without number. The description of the sacrament at a country church

is excellent but exaggerated. Imagination was at work when Peter described the limbs of the lasses, and the bowls of cream, as well as the number of the people assembled, and the carriages of the gentry, at the evening sermon on the Sunday.—A long disquisition on arts and artists was quite misplaced; Peter probably thought he was at his own patrimony in Rome: excuse the alliteration, if you please,

Your's, AULD SAUNDERS.

London, 24th August, 1819.

MOCK BAIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Your correspondent J. A. has not stated in his letter, that the Court of King's Bench, agreeing with the suggestions of the Petition of the Metropolitan Law Society, has, by a rule of Court of Trinity Term last, directed, that in future, all notices of justifying bail in person, shall be served before eleven o'clock in the forenoon, on the day on which such notices ought to be served. I am surprized that the respectable secretary, (for so I think your correspondent) has omitted to notice this fact in his communication inserted in your Chronicle of August 14, and shall feel obliged by your inserting this in your next.

Your constant reader,

August 24, 1819.

BLUE BAG.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—As the Saturnalia, which gives so much pleasure to the female domestics and apprentices of the Metropolis, approaches, you will perhaps allow me to occupy a corner of your paper, with a few observations on the subject. I am not, Sir, one of those ultra moralists who would wish to deprive the people of every species of amusement or to recommend the total abolition of fairs; but they certainly, in the neighbourhood of London, require some regulation, and were the police only to devote a little more attention, there is no doubt but those disgraceful scenes which have marked some of them would not occur.

It has been said that these fairs have entirely deviated from the original object of their institution, which was for business only; but, so early as the time of Stowe, the first three days were devoted to business and the remainder (several days,) to recreation, and I suspect it would be difficult to point out the period in which amusement did not constitute a considerable source of their attraction. D'Urfey, in his 'Pills to purge Melancholy,' describes Bartholomew Fair, as it was eleven years before the fire of London, and then there was rope dancing and puppet shows and all the varied amusements we have at the present time; but there were certainly articles for sale which now we should seek for in vain, as appears by the following verses:—

'At Pye Corner end, mark well, my good friend,

'Tis a very fine dirty place;

Where there's more arrows and bows, the Lord above knows,
Than was handl'd at Chivy Chase.

Then at Smithfield Bars, betwixt the ground and the stars,

There's a place they call Shoemaker Row,

Where that you may buy shoes every day

Or go barefoot all the year I tro.

The puppet-shows, or, as they were at that time called,

'motions,' were a species of dramatic entertainment often founded on some event recorded in the Bible, as '*The old creation of the world newly revived*,' which embraced the history of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, King Herod's cruelty, Dives in hell, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. '*Noah's flood*' and '*The history of Susanna*' were also the subjects of these drolls.

When puppet shows got out of fashion, comedians from the theatres Royal of Covent Garden and Drury Lane performed in the inns in Smithfield; even Yates and Shuter, both eminent performers at these houses, did not disdain to amuse the Bartholomew Fair visitors so late as the beginning of his present majesty's reign; and this circumstance, coupled with the prices of admission which they charged, is a decisive proof that the Fair must then have been much more respectably frequented than at present. As it may afford some amusement to your readers, I shall conclude with the advertisements of these then celebrated actors, copied from the *Public Advertiser* of August 29th and September 3, 1761.

'Shuter.

'News! News! News!

'He's come! the facetious Ned Shuter! and has provided a grand entertainment; which he intends to serve up at his public ordinary, in the George Inn Yard, West Smithfield, during the short time of Bartholomew Fair; which will begin on Thursday the third of September: to which he invites the town. It will consist of many courses; such as will delight the eye, please the ear, and improve the understanding: in short, it is entirely adapted to the taste of all lovers of humour, wit, and mirth.

"But mirth and wisdom ne'er together went,
Cries some grave phyzz, in pious cheating spent;
This I deny and Horace backs my cause,
A Bard of near two thousand years' applause;
Laughter improves the wine, applauds the feast,
'Tis more,—the great barrier 'twixt man and beast;
Then should ye cease to laugh, you'll sadly find,
That more than half are brutes of human kind.

'For the proof of which I appeal to your own senses. Remember the old adage, "Laugh and be fat."

'For the certain cure of the Spleen.

'Essence of comicality, prepared by the direction of DR. SHUTER.

'There is no question but laughing will cure the most inveterate dulness. The ancients affirmed it, and the cure DR. SHUTER has lately performed in Ireland, experience this truth. For the benefit of his own countrymen, he once more has opened his warehouse in the George Inn Yard, West Smithfield, where his friends may find a safe, easy, and pleasant operation. For, as splenetic persons are apt to have bad distempers, and be miserably low spirited at times, he at once removes all obstructions, restores the muscles of the face to their usual tone of risibility, and gradually clears the countenance.

'The afflicted may depend on these effects.

'It is to be had as above, with printed directions, at the following prices, viz.

'Two shillings and sixpence, two shillings, eighteenpence, one shilling, and sixpence.

'At Yates's Great Theatrical Concert Hall, in the Greyhound Inn, West Smithfield, by a company of Come-

dians from both Theatres, during the short time of Bartholomew Fair, will be performed an excellent droll, called

'THE FAIR BRIDE,

'Or the Unexpected Event;

'With the BRITISH TAR's triumph over Mons. SOUP MAIGRE:

'Containing many surprising occurrences at sea, which could not possibly happen at land. The performance will be highly enlivened with several entertaining scenes between England, France, Ireland, and Scotland, in the diverting personages of Ben Bowling, an English sailor; Mons. Soup Maigre, a French Captain; O'Flannaghan, an Irish officer; M'Pherson, a Scotch officer; through which the manners of each nation will be characteristically and humourously depicted; in which will be introduced as singular and curious a procession as ever was exhibited in this nation. The objects that compose the pageantry are both Exotic and British. The principal figure is the glory and delight of OLD ENGLAND, and envy of our ENEMIES. With variety of entertainments of singing and dancing. The whole to conclude with a loyal song on the approaching marriage of our great and glorious sovereign King George and the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenberg.

'An extraordinary band of music is provided on the occasion, consisting of drums, trumpets, hautboys, violins, french-horns, violincellos, bassoons, clarionets, &c. &c.

'N. B.—The nobility and gentry are desired to take notice, that there is a commodious way to the boxes and pit at the upper end of Cow Lane.

'To begin each day at one o'clock, and end at eleven.

'Boxes, 2s. 6d. Pit, 1s. 6d. First Gallery, 1s. Upper Gallery, 6d. X.

PROCLAMATION OF A FAIR IN SCOTLAND.

(FROM AN OLD MS.)

O yes! and that's a time; O yes! and that's twa times: O yes! and that's the third and last time: all manner of pearson or pearsons whatsoever let 'em draw near, and I shall let you ken, that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholme, for the space of aught days; wherein if any hustrin, custrin, land-louper, dukes-kouper, or gang-y-gate swinger, shall breed any urdam, durdam, rabblement, brabblement, or squabblement, he shall have his lugs tack'd to the muckle trone, with a nail of twal-a-penny, until he down of his hob-shanks and up with his muckle doubts and pray to hea'n neen times God bless the King, and thrice the muckle Lord of Relton, paying a groat to me Jemmy Ferguson, Bailiff of the aforesaid manor. So ye heard my proclamation and I'll haam to dinner.

PLAN FOR INCREASING THE RAPIDITY OF POSTAGE COMMUNICATION.

A plan has been submitted to the postmasters-general, for facilitating the postage communication between London and the great commercial and manufacturing towns and cities of Great Britain. Of this plan, Mr. Henry Burgess is the projector. The outline of the project of an extra post is, that a light machine, drawn by two horses, shall start from the General Post Office, London, every afternoon at six o'clock, carrying but the extra mail and the guard, and proceed at the rate of eleven miles an

hour, including all stoppages; that the extra post shall arrive in London, from the principal towns, at ten o'clock every morning. It appears, that twenty-five hours would be gained, in the conveyance to Edinburgh. It is calculated, that the net annual revenue, arising from the establishment of an extra post of this description, would amount to 300,000*l.*, taking a four-fold rate. It is observable, that those parts of the country, where the operation of the present mail system is the most defective, would be described by two lines, drawn at the distance of 160 and 230 miles from London, and that the districts circumscribed with these lines, comprise the most commercial and important part of England. In these places, including Liverpool, Warrington, Stockport, Manchester, Bolton, Bury, Halifax, Huddersfield, Bradford, Leeds, Wakefield, Sheffield, York, and Hull, as well as Devonshire, the postage communication with London is not completed in less than *four days*, while, by the extra post, it would be made, in all of them, on the mail-coach road, in *two days*. An increased rate of postage to be charged, on all letters sent by the extra post.

Original Poetry.

TO WOMAN.

OH, woman, heavenly mercy's choicest gift !
How oft to thee my wond'ring eyes I lift,
To mark the ever-pleasing graceful play
Of nature o'er thy features !—no display
Of aught but passes in thy inmost soul
Is there expressed—no ideas foul,
Such as deform man, filthy man's proud breast ;
The godhead's image levelling with the beast :
To thee, compos'd of purest mould of heaven,
A softer image, tenderer heart was given,
Man's cruel jarring discords to compose,
And sooth with dulcet voice his fancied woes.
How oft my heart, with cruel hardships torn,
Bereft of every joy, hath droop'd forlorn ;
How oft my head, with weight of cares oppress,
Hath thought and found repose on thy soft breast !
And would'st thou still thy wonted empire hold
O'er man's stern breast, thy genuine grace unfold :
Let no vain affectation hold its sway
O'er thy pure heart, nor passion find its way
Into that soft repository of love,
Whose strings affection's gentle touch should move.
Nor think, though furious passions boisterous storm,
Man's generous disposition may deform,
He'll to such hateful foes long yield the plain,
Nor strive his temper's mastery to regain ;
Smooth'd by the gentle touch of female hands,
His cloudless brow no longer ruffled stands,
But envious scowls to smiles of peace give place,
And his proud soul shines forth in native grace.
Then long may woman, in our generous land,
Know her dear lord's affections to command,—
Still shine in loveliness and purity of life,
And glory in the epithet of ' Wife !'

August, 1818.

* * M.

LINES TO ANNE.

TAKE thy heart again, maiden,
Give me back mine—
With its long sorrows fading,
Leave it to pine !

Go find another lover,
May he prove true !
Nor seek, when passion's over,
A maiden new.

Thou art indeed a fair one,
But thou art frail ;
Tho' thy charms yet ensnare one,
Their power will fail.

Time will come, slowly stealing,
And hide every grace ;
What beauty—what feeling
Can thy mind be revealing
When we see no more charms in thy face ?

J. W. D.

STANZAS TO ———.

Dost thou not know that from the heart
Where love may lastingly endure,
Unblushing levity must part,
And leave it delicately pure ?
Dost thou not know that man may gaze
On woman's form divinely fair—
But if his glance no blushes raise,
His eye can see no beauty there ?

Oh, better could I brook the pride
Which coldly spurns at tenderness—
Could better bear to be denied
Thy heart, though that alone can bless ;
Than see the charms I lov'd so well,
Exposed to every gazer's view,
Thy kisses (oh, their worth to tell !)
As prodigally given too !

And know'st thou not that charms designed
For one fond youth—a favour'd one,
By many seen—to none confined—
Will, at the last, be priz'd by none ?
Think how thy heart will sicken, when
The smiler's masks shall haply fall,
Nor one be left to love thee then,
Though thou didst weakly woo them *all* !

For *me*—I dare no longer look
Or think on one so frailty fair ;
The fond impress my heart once took
Is now erased by jealous care.
And I have soothed my tortured breast
Into a calm forgetfulness—
A kind of disappointed rest,
Not painful—and yet scarcely less !

For *thee*—while thy light soul can find
Its joy amid the gay parterre ;
Flirt on, and with the wanton wind,
Waste all thy balmy odours there ;
Heap vanity on vanity,
And freely give the reins to folly,
For when those joys are gone, thou'lt see
Nought in their stead but melancholy !

J. W. D.

THE LOVERS: A FRAGMENT.

Her eye—whose gentle ray, pure as the morn light
On a summer's eve—was blue, and her cheek,
Tho' often crimson'd sweetly with the bright
Blush of innocence, when she heard *him* speak
For whom her heart throbb'd, in a bosom white
As ivory—at times was pale :—her sleek
Long ringlets were of auburn :—her frame—
Sweet Cleopatra and herself the same !
His hair was brown and curly—eye, full, dark,
And piercing : in its deep expression might

Be seen his very thoughts—the hasty spark
 Of indignation soonest made it light
 A countenance by no means common; t' mark
 His forehead—(not the highest that the sight
 Has formed a charm in;) some might deem him one
 Around whom Care her mystic webs had spun.
 And he *was* such:—yes, and he learnt to love:—
 (A passion, if not blighted, O! how dear!)
 Yet oft had he his folly to reprove,
 For weeping when the beauteous maid drew near
 To grant the parting kiss:—(pow'rs above,
 Such rapture know not!)—Tho' she was sincere,
 She kept the secret lock'd within her breast,
 And every sigh with meeting lips suppress!
 One night they wander'd, as the setting sun
 Threw crimson glances o'er the western sky,
 Beside the waveless sea, whose bosom shone
 Bright as a mirror: The breeze distantly
 Leap'd on the deep, and the white froth 'pear'd on
 The curl of each wave. He prest, and her eye
 Spoke consent, with him in the boat to sail,
 Whose streaming pendant flutter'd in the gale.
 The breeze grew fresher, and the bark sail'd fast—
 Heaved the big billows, as she scudded thro'
 Mountains of foam:—the sky was overcast—
 Flash'd the red lightning, and still fiercer blew
 The shrieking wind, that bore upon its blast
 Peals of loud thunder:—Too well, Hassan knew
 Destruction gaped before him—while the maid
 He loved, in her fears, as a corse was laid.
 He rais'd her gently, and beheld how white
 Her lip had turn'd, o'er which the breath scarce past,
 And prest her to his bosom:—Th' sheeted light
 But shewed him horror, and he look'd aghast,
 As o'er the dashing surge wander'd his sight!
 Toss'd as he was, he clung to Ada fast—
 When a high wave rush'd wildly o'er the deck,
 And both, that moment, perish'd with the wreck!

WILFORD

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—During the recess, the din of preparation has resounded within the walls of this theatre; the decorations have been newly embellished, and a grand and very important improvement has been made on the stage, by which the whole proscenium can now be raised, so as to discover a height of above forty feet, and (hear this, ye gods!) to enable the last row of the one-shilling gallery to command a perfect view of the most extensive spectacle.

Among the new engagements, we are happy to find the names of Mrs. Davison, Mr. Phillips, who has just returned from America, and Miss M. Tree, who has acquired a high reputation as a singer, at Bath. The theatre opens on Monday next.

HAYMARKET.—The most successful hit during the present season, at this house, was made on Saturday night, in the production of a new comedy, in three acts, entitled *Pigeons and Crows*. The plot of the piece is briefly this—Sir Peter Pigwiggin, knight, alderman, and pinmaker, of the city of London, (Liston,) desirous of changing his condition, 'steams' himself to Margate, for the purpose of marrying Louisa Harvey (Miss Blanchard,) with whose person he is totally unacquainted, but whose mother had engaged her to him. The alderman's nephew, Captain Neville, (Jones,) is attached to the same lady and

settles with her, that on the arrival of his uncle, her mother, who happens to be a widow, and of course disposable, shall be introduced to him in the place of the daughter. The alderman's appetite does not easily relish mama's age, even if her manners were more mild and fascinating than the author has painted Mrs. Harvey. Captain Neville is in debt and pursued by his creditors, but having stipulated with his uncle to free him from his imaginary contract with the lady, for the sum of £5000 he obtains the hand of Miss Harvey. The worthy alderman is hoaxed a second time by a Frenchman, who travels about with a black woman, by way of exhibition. The knight is made to believe the Frenchman's apartments are to be the dwelling of the real object of his affections, and he signs a contract with him to surrender the wonder he exhibited, for the sum of one thousand pounds. These acts of Sir Peter induce his nephew to say he is mad, and a drunken surgeon is sent for, who prescribes the proper remedies for his cure, when the nephew discloses what he has done, and the 'alderman and pinmaker' consoles himself with not having been the only person, who has 'shot at a pigeon and killed a crow.'

It will be seen, that this piece has little claim to the title of a comedy; it is a farce in the strictest sense of the word, and a very amusing one, for it kept the audience in a roar of laughter from the beginning to the end. The piece has been ascribed to Mr. Jamieson and to Mr. Moncrieff, but we believe the former to be the author.

The prologue was delivered with much animation by Mr. Terry; it contains a warm appeal to the audience for the author, and announces, that this will be the last season of the company's appearing in the present building; we insert it:—

'Those who have travelled in the busy world,
 Find it on business or for pleasure hurl'd,
 Have often read with right contented air,
 The wish'd-for inn's long tempting bill of fare;
 Turtle and venison, poultry, game, and fish,
 Stare in the face, with every tempting dish
 To tickle tastes, or please a peaking palate,
 From ruffs and rees to simpler lobster salad.
 But when, on calling for the senior waiter,
 (A lady by, perhaps, for whom to cater,)
 They find the falsehood of the show of plenty,—
 The bill alone is full—the larder empty.

What's to be done?—so late, and they so weary,
 The night pitch dark, the next stage too so dreary;
 The waiters anxious, and the landlord civil,
 Their wish to please has conquer'd half the evil;
 Th' indulgent guests, their humbler welcome taking,
 Sigh for what's gone, and sup on eggs and bacon.
 So, my kind customers, we find it here—
 In our theatric larder names appear,
 Which oft have shed their lustre o'er our stage,
 The favourite standing dishes of their age;
 But, like the turtle in the bill of fare,
 Or like the ven'son we would fain prepare,
 They're gone; such dainties ye must not expect,
 Nor humbler banquets seriously reject;
 A trifling haste—like this to night—a feather,
 Is charming evening eating in this sultry weather;
 So, in the absence of our teal and widgeons,
 Accept, kind travellers, our crows and pigeons.
 Soon, (for to nothing every thing still must,)
 This 'fane of mirth' will levell'd be to dust,
 To rise again, by favour of the laws,
 To thrive again, if cheer'd by your applause.

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For here your fathers, and your grandsires too,
Have lived and laughed as heartily as you;
So 'tis the right of us *hot-weather* folks,
To deal in trifles, and to feed on jokes;
Keep up the charter, gild our humble toils,
And crown us to the end with fostering smiles.
And let me for our trembling author plead,
On such good ground allow him to succeed,
For old affection's sake, then spare his play—
His play,—his *three act thing*, I'd rather say,
Respect the farce, for days and author's past;
Forgive this folly, as it is the last.'

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—On Monday night, a new Operetta in one act, was produced at this theatre, under the title of *A Cure for Romance*; it is from the pen of Mr. James Thomson, the author of 'De Courci,' and as a first dramatic production, does him much credit. *A Cure for Romance*, is a very amusing trifle, and conveys moral instruction and entertainment at the same time, a combination not always to be met with.

Drake, (Chatterley) a simple honest poulterer, of Norton Falgate, who has retired from business, has a daughter, Caroline, (Mrs. Chatterley) who is of a most romantic disposition, and whom he intends to marry to Clover, (Wrench) the son of his only friend, but whose character does not correspond with the young lady's notions of a hero. Clover is smitten with Caroline, but perceiving he would have no chance if wooing as a common lover, he assumes the fascinating name of Orlando, and writes her several poetic epistles, as romantic as she could wish. He induces her to elope with him to an old ruined castle, where he throws off the disguise of Orlando, and presents himself in an uncouth dress, as Humphrey Shufflebottom, assuring her that her only fare will be lettuces and cold water, with water cresses on a Sunday; she is also promised as an indulgence, that she may light a fire, if a tinder box can be procured in the neighbourhood. Caroline endeavours to reconcile herself to her situation, 'as a romantic incident only,' when Humphrey declares that he has another wife who must live with them; reason now triumphs over her love for romance, she regrets the elopement—her father appears, the disguised Humphrey throws off the mask and discovers himself to have been the Orlando of her own heart, and the Clover of her father's. Some beautiful music, by Jolly, with a serenade by Pearman, O'Callaghan, and Huckel, were powerful auxiliaries to this very amusing operetta. The dialogue is good and often elicited unequivocal marks of decided approbation. The acting was excellent—Chatterley as a cockney tradesman—Mrs. Chatterley as a romantic heroine, and Wrench, whether as Clover, or in this uncouth garb of Humphrey, did ample justice to the well drawn characters which were assigned to them. Harley had a good song, Willkinson was an amusing country farmer, and Miss Stephenson had a part in which her well-earned reputation did not suffer. The following serenade composed by Mr. Jolly, and sung by Messrs. Pearman, O'Callaghan, and Huckel, was loudly encored.

Oh, banish all vain alarms, love!
No longer make delay;
But haste to these waiting arms, love!
And hence let's haste away.
The light of thy beaming eyes, love!
Shall guide us as we roam;
And cloudless planets and skies, love!
Shall smile our welcome home.

Then banish all vain alarms, love!
No longer make delay;
But haste to those waiting arms, love!
And hence let's haste away!

The piece was completely successful. 'The Tailors, or a Tragedy for Warm Weather,' has been revived at this house, we think rather injudiciously.

SURREY THEATRE.—This has been a most fertile week for the drama; already have we noticed two successful pieces, and we have now to announce a third, which though last is not least. The high character which the Surrey Theatre has attained, would be an inconvenience to almost any person but Mr. Dibdin, for pieces that might succeed very well at every minor theatre in London, would, if brought out here, be thought a falling off. It therefore requires the utmost activity to maintain the reputation already gained. The new melodrama, entitled *The President and the Peasant's Daughter*, produced at this house on Wednesday night, is one of the most interesting pieces we ever witnessed, and will compete with the far-famed 'Heart of Midlothian.' The seduction of a peasant's daughter by a young nobleman, who, though loving her to excess, still would avoid making her the only atonement, that of marrying her; the firmness and integrity of his friend the President, who is too honest to flatter his Prince, and too virtuous to be corrupted, and who strictly enforces justice, though by so doing so, he is likely to lose the dearest object of his affection; the heartfelt penitence of the poor 'wanderer from virtue,' who had been seduced by the most solemn assurances of marriage; and the unforgiving temper and severe reproaches of her father, excited the most heartfelt interest; which is never suffered to droop through the three acts, but is often relieved by some very comic scenes, as rich in humour as the more serious parts are in pathos. The acting throughout was excellent; Huntley as the virtuous and inflexible President, Watkins as the repentant seducer, and Miss Taylor as the Peasant's Daughter, never appeared to more advantage. Fitzwilliam as a simple carpenter, who carved 'Susanna and the Elders,' 'Solomon's Temple,' 'Blind Sampson,' and the 'Seven Champions' in box wood, was a very humorous character; and Wyatt, as a Military Pamphleteer, who would much rather dip his pen in gall than his sword in the blood of his enemies, was eminently ludicrous. The language of this piece is very fine, and the moral excellent. The new scenery is good, and the piece was received with the most rapturous applause, which at the termination of some of the scenes continued for several minutes; a more successful first performance was never witnessed, and there is no doubt, but that the *President and the Peasant's Daughter* will run to the end of the season.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Piano Forte.—A musical instrument maker of Antwerp, named Petit-Preaux, has obtained a patent for an improvement on the piano forte, which consists in doubling the octaves, so that the performer is enabled to produce an effect similar to that of four hands on one instrument. This invention must of course render the tone exceedingly powerful and brilliant; and it is so contrived, that by means of a pedal, the performer may play either with the double or single octaves, at his pleasure.

A patent has been obtained for a new machine for preparing

flax which is extremely portable, weighing only about twenty-eight pounds. By this machine, a girl can spin from the flax in the straw, about six pounds per day, and thereby earn—a shilling!

New Route from India.—A gentleman now in Calcutta, is about to proceed to St. Petersburg, by a route which, we believe, no native of England or France has heretofore attempted. After entering Persia, instead of passing by the usual track, through Ghilan and Daghistan, to Astracan, it is his intention to proceed on the eastern side of the Caspian, through the provinces of Korassan and Karasm, and the country of the Usbecks, Turcomans, and Kirgees, round the northern shores of the Caspian, until he reaches the Wolga. We wish him success in his enterprize.

Mr. Wright, a surgeon-aurist, has invented a new instrument, very portable and convenient, for assisting hearing and preventing the injury generally arising from the use of ear-trumpets.

A new beautiful yellow pigment, called *chrome yellow*, or chromate of lead, has been lately brought into use in this country. It was first found in its natural state in Siberia, but its use remained confined to portrait painters, on account of its dearth. M. Vauquelin, of Paris, first analyzed this substance, and shewed it to consist of a peculiar acid, in combination with lead, and he pointed out that this peculiar acid, which he called the chromic acid, might be obtained from a species of iron ore called the chromate of iron, and then combined with lead, so as to produce the *chrome yellow* artificially. It is now in general use among the coach and house-painters throughout the kingdom.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

Kissing.—Dr. Pierius Winsemius, historiographer to their High Mightinesses the States of Friesland, in his '*Chronijk van Frieslandt*,' printed in 1622, informs us that the pleasant custom of kissing was utterly unpractised and unknown in England (just as it is this day in New Zealand, where sweethearts only know how to touch noses when they wish to be kind); until the fair Princess Rouix, the daughter of King Hengist, of Friesland, 'pressed the beaker with her *lipkens*,' that is, little lips, and saluted the amorous Vortigern with a *kusjen*, that is, a little kiss.

A courtier mentioned, in the presence of William III, King of England, the bon mot of an Italian, who said, 'that what had most surprised him in France was, Louis XIV having young ministers and an old mistress.' 'It is a proof' replied William, quickly, 'that he has need of neither.'

A TOBACCONIST: AN EPIGRAM.

All dainty meats I do defy,
Which feed men fat as swine;
He is a frugal man indeed,
That on a leaf can dine;
He needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
That keeps his kitchen in a box,
And waste meat in a pipe.

Gossips.—Among the ordinances promulgated at St. Helena in 1709, we find the following curious passage:—'Whereas several idle gossiping women make it their business to go from house to house, about this island, inventing and spreading false and scandalous reports of the good people thereof, and thereby sow discord and debate among neighbours, and often between men and their wives; to the great grief and trouble of all good and quiet people, and to the utter extinguishing of all friendship, amity, and good neighbourhood;

for the punishment and suppression whereof, and to the intent that all strife may be ended, charity revived, and friendship continued, we do order, that if any women from henceforth shall be convicted of tale-bearing, mischief-making, scolding, drunkenness, or any other notorious vices, they shall be punished by ducking or whipping, or such other punishment as their crimes or transgression shall deserve, or as the Governor and Council shall think fit.'

Anecdote of Mrs. Montford.—Gay wrote the well-known ballad of 'Black-Eyed Susan,' upon Mrs. Montford, a celebrated actress, contemporary with Cibber. After her retirement from the stage, love, and the ingratitude of a bosom friend, deprived her of her senses, and she was placed in a receptacle for lunatics. One day, during a lucid interval, she asked her attendant what play was to be performed that evening, and was told that it was Hamlet; in this tragedy, whilst on the stage, she had ever been received with rapture in Ophelia. The recollection struck her, and with that cunning which is so often allied to insanity, she eluded the care of the keepers, and got to the theatre, where she concealed herself until the scene in which Ophelia enters in her insane state; she then rushed on the stage before the lady who had performed the previous part of the character could come on, and exhibited a more perfect representation of madness than the utmost exertions of the mimic art could effect. She was in truth Ophelia herself, to the amusement of the performers, and the astonishment of the audience. Nature having made this last effort, her vital powers failed her. On going off she exclaimed: 'It is all over!' She was immediately conveyed back to her late place of security, and a few days after,

She, like a lily drooping,
'Then bowed her head, and died.'

A Pedant, (by Sir Thomas Overbury.)—He treads in a rule, and one hand scans verses, and the other holds his sceptre; he dares not think a thought that the nominative case governs not the verb, and he never had meaning in his life, for he travelled only for words; his ambition is criticism, and his example Tully; he values phrases and selects them by the sound, and the eight parts of speech are his servants. To be brief, he is an heteroclit, for he wants the plural number, having only the single quality of words.

Curious Signboard.—Upon the door of a house near Bridge-water, occupied by a father and son, the former a blacksmith and publican, the latter a barber, is a signboard, with the following inscription:—'Burness and Son, blacksmith and barber's work done here, horse shoeing and shaving; locks mended, and hare curling, bleeding, teeth drawing, and all other farriery work. All sorts of spiratus lickens akording to the late comical tetry.—Take notis my wife keeps skool, and laves fokes as you shall; teches reading and riting and all other langwitches; and hasassistaunts, if required, to teach horritory, sowing, the mathematics, and all other fashionable diversions.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Susan's Reply,' and lines on the 'Missionary,' in our next. 'Sam Spritsail' and 'To Emma,' in an early number. W. W. L. is received.

So much has already appeared on the immorality and evils of Fairs, that we much doubt we should consult the general wishes of our readers were we to insert the letter of our valued correspondent on the subject.

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